

the acorn

Apr. 20 '54

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Tomolonius Says:

Kay Starr has come a long way since she started singing with Artie Shaw at the age of eighteen, and now deservedly holds the distinction of being one of the foremost song stylists in the music field. We can remember about four years ago she began getting a little recognition from her two gems with Tennessee Ernie called "I'll Never Be Free" and "Nobody's Business," which, despite their being hillbilly, enthused many music lovers. Her acclaim was nevertheless uncertain until she made "The Wheel of Fortune" which ultimately put her where she stands today. One of her latest recordings, "I'll Always be in Love with You," struck us as being rather novel in that the tune she supplies is exclusively her own. We don't really know if she meant the record to come out the way it did, but it seems she improvises so much that the tune is in no way similar to the way Dinah Shore sings it. The effort is very listenable, however.



KAY STARR

Jerry Vale does an exceptional vocal on his "Two Purple Shadows on the Snow" while Frank Sinatra's record of "Young at Heart" has enjoyed a prodigious rise on the nation's hit parades. Rumor has it that Stan Kenton is due to disband in the very near future. We're sure

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Of Secondary Importance

It seems strange that a group can be together four years and yet know so little of each other. We know vaguely that some one plays the piano, another the violin, and others the horses. But it is very seldom that we get any further than this cursory knowledge of our peers. We Senior Secondaries are unique, if I may say so, in several ways. The president of our class, who as you know, is a Senior Secondary, was once a very profitable salesman. We have two married men in our division, which is more than can be said by any other division. What we are going to talk about below, however, makes us more unique and fortunate as a class than many classes that have graced the halls of STC. We have an artist, accomplished and on the way to success.

When Doug Weeks first came in contact with us we were somewhat awe-struck by the refined British accent, the 'bean' rather than 'bin' for 'been.' After awhile he, as well as the rest of us, became fused into the group. Doug did, however, stand out from the rest of us because of his choice remarks in some of our classes. He talked about Van Gogh, Michelangelo, Stravinsky, in history and English. Most of this went by us because then we were not art conscious. But as we got to know Doug better we realized how powerfully the balm of art had influenced him. If you have ever talked with him and asked him questions as to different composers and artists, and work, he seems a veritable book of knowledge. Some of us eventually learned that he did paint himself. And this year we found that while he was at Nantucket working he had sold paintings and some sculptures. Finally, just last week his own private showing was concluded at C. C. Lowell's. Some of us dropped in to see the show; for you who missed it I would like to describe it.

As we approached the Lowell Gallery section of the store we see Doug's *magnum opus* called 'Soliloquy' done in oils and hypalon. In this picture we see a lone figure standing and watching the water at night. In the harbor yacht lights flicker, and in the heavens stars burn. Doug captures the somber colors of night but charges them

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BULLOCK TO BE HONORED AT SCHOLARSHIP TEA

Chandler Bullock, honorary chairman of the board of State Mutual Life Assurance Co., will be guest of honor at the 13th annual Scholarship Tea at Worcester State Teachers College, Saturday, May 1, at 3 p. m., at the college.

A "Guest of the Day" is selected each year on the basis of his or her contribution to the community.

Proceeds from the tea help support scholarship funds for students at the college.

Dr. Earl B. Shaw is chairman of the scholarship committee which is in charge of arrangements for the tea.

Mr. Bullock, a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Law School, is a lifelong resident of Worcester who has taken a leading and important part in community affairs. Prior to being chairman of the board of State Mutual, he was president of the company as were his father and grandfather.

Mr. Bullock is also treasurer of the American Antiquarian Society and vice-president of the Worcester Historical Society. He is treasurer of St. Wulstan's Society and is one of the original founders of the Shakespeare Club and of the Player's Club of Worcester. He is a director and past president of the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Bullock is a vestryman of All Saints Episcopal Church, a member of the board of overseers of Old Sturbridge Village, and a director of the Travelers Aid Society.

Leaders of the community who have been honored at the tea in previous years include Miss Esther Forbes, George F. Booth, the late John Tinsley, and Harry G. Stoddard, president of Wyman-Gordon Co., and of the Worcester Telegram and Gazette Publishing Co., who was "Guest of the Day" last year.

Mr. G. Flint Taylor is chairman of ushers. They are: Margaret C. McMaster, head usher; Patricia A. Gannon and Mary Ann Robbins, junior class; Evelyn R. Langton, Florine E. Severance, Ann Sweetney, and Carolyn Wainwright, sophomore class; and Anne L. Davis, Jane B. Kelley, Eleanor Rioridan, Corinne Shea and Anne Spets, freshmen class.

I Had To Do It

Corinne Shea

Strange, but even now it doesn't seem as if it actually happened, could possibly have transpired. It appears to me now that everything took place too quickly and that I didn't realize what I was doing,

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The Ups and Downs Of Assemblies

Our assembly program at S.T.C. is rather unique among colleges. Usually, speakers and entertainment are heard through the medium of some club or organization on a campus. Here, however, there is a special committee to arrange dates and artists for the student bodies pleasure. Sometimes the committee arranges dates and artists and what comes out is wonderful: entertaining or informative. And other times the arranging goes askew.

Last year there was one particular assembly program that was most impressive. You will remember, perhaps, the three young people who presented a program of operatic music. This was superb. More recently, you must remember *Macbeth*, the dramatic reading of the drama quartet. Aside from the actual reading, one could hardly miss the evidence of well thought out direction and planning of this drama group. No motion was lost, no line hurried. Most outstanding was Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene. The intensity of the scene reflected itself in the audience; at the end of the scene there was an obvious let-down emotionally. For this program the assembly committee deserves our highest commendation.

Contrasting *Macbeth* with our assembly of April 2 is an arduous task. Here are two totally different productions: One, intelligent and refreshing; the other, uncomituous and ludicrous. The reference is to the magic show. After *Macbeth*, this show (the word is used advisedly) was certainly a disappointment. Stale tricks that all the students have seen unless they have been confined to the most ascetic retreat, staler jokes for which there is no comment. In this age of television, to be subjected to a less than mediocre magician is torture. On the Sealtest Circus Hour, we can see any number of acrobats, jugglers, and, yes, magicians; not parlor tricksters but professionals. Everyone likes to laugh, sometimes to be silly, sometimes spicy, but most of us usually do not get a laugh from worn-out 'corn'. Our magician was simply macaronic (for those non-semanticists, he's a crazy mixed up you-know-what). 'Nough said.

Seniors leave in June with *Macbeth*, readings of Vachel Lindsay, heavy and light opera, and a score of other wonderful assembly programs under their respective belts. Here's hoping the underclassmen can see, hear, and enjoy, better and better assemblies.

editorial

We have heard a great deal of complaining around the campus to the effect that our college has many silly rules that are "high schoolish", and that we are not accepted or treated as adults. Although we are in sympathy with some of these complaints, we have noticed that the majority of students are willing to ask much of the college but unwilling to give anything to make our college really collegiate.

An example of this selfish attitude might be the men's smoking room. The Student Council, we are told, is soon to begin a drive to make the smoking room more comfortable, satisfying, homelike. They plan to get rugs, ashtrays, soft seats, and the like, for this room. With this, the men might be able to get a bulletin board, pictures, and things to put on the bare walls. But a damper is put on this fine idea when we think of the problems. At home we respect our furniture and decoration. Ashes, butts, and paper go where they belong. In the smoker, however, butts go on the floor (a new floor at that) and waste-paper baskets also get finished, but lit cigarettes. This produces smoldering which quickly fills the room with dense clouds of smoke, giving it the atmosphere of an opium den. Along with the cigarettes, newspapers and paper in general is strewn about giving the whole room that look of a pig-pen. How can we ask for a decent smoker if we do not make an effort to keep it a little clean?

Another problem is that of the lavatories. On the walls and doors of many toilets we find written people's names, lewd poems, telephone numbers, and other things that you might expect in a public room. Yes, there are perverse, childish people in our college but the individual always reflects on the group. How can we say we want the wholesome respect of the faculty toward our individualism and groping maturity when we allow things such as the above to continue without some kind of student pressure brought to bear? Student pressure can cure many student ills. Let's get together and raise our standards and drag the children with us no matter what. If we can get these unthinking people to act as adults and college people then perhaps the administration will recognize the fact and treat us accordingly. Up to now, however, with all the huff and groaning, one can hardly blame the action they take.

the acorn

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new directions

The Silent Pain

Why is it that the silent pain of an aching head
drives all thought into the night air
and replaces it with a sledge of a hammer;
slapping the temples,
boring tiny holes that
emit the gash of air,
burning the tissue, and ripping
those mentioned thoughts to hell?

Never have foolish people bothered
me as much as they do now.
my feeling is down to the quickening point,
where every slight touch sears like a
cauldron of boiling water poured
on a bared nerve.

The foolish ranting of petty minds
acts as a city of sound
instantaneously blasted
in the inner recess of my ears

Bringing the silent pain to linger on
into my seclusion and lost meditation.

C. Boutwell

An Awakening...

Cool
Like the low sand bars rising from a gentle sea;
Cool
As the paper-smooth mist on the morning lake
Which springs beside us the slowly soothing affection
And speaks that nature is part by part of us.

Slender
As the silken skies always clear in summer;
Coldness
That changes warmly to white heat of the noonday sun
And wraps us in delight of pure color.
This too, becomes us
And grows inwardly like a Bach staccato
—Cool color, warm, trenchant shades: COLOR!

Black
Like the chocolate blue so softly wrapped across the night.
Light
That rises and moves as a dance before starry eyes,
That moves as genuinely as any heart that loves
Moves, and sighs like any autumn wind.
This is the intimate, this is color!

Doug Weeks.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

The **acorn** has come out with many great innovations this year, and you and your staff are in line for much congratulation and back-patting. One writer whose back I'd particularly like to pat once or twice is one Joe McGuire, author of such gems as "True STC'ers" and "Christmas."

You know, I'd almost resent Mr. McGuire's written tirades if they were not so humorous. As it is, I cannot wait for each issue, and his

articles are those I turn to first—after which I chuckle for the rest of the day. I'm even thinking of starting a 'Squire McGuire Fan Club.'

I heartily wish the good Square—I mean Squire—many happy hours spent in berating his fellow students until such time as his preaching license is revoked.

ROD BARRY.

Ed. Note:—You must admit, Mr. Barry, some of his topics are extremely pregnant.

WHY HITLER CAME TO POWER

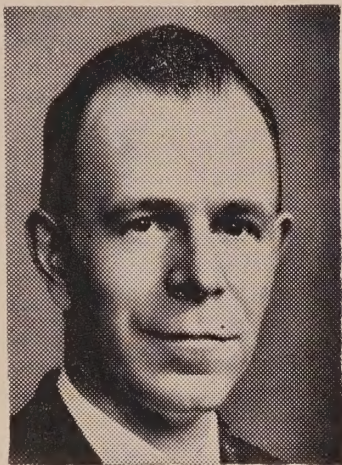
FRANCIS L. JONES

The victory of Chancellor Adenauer in the West German elections last fall gives indication that the Germans are becoming politically mature and recalls by contrast the conditions under which Hitler came to power.

From 1918 to 1933 Germany was bedeviled by inflation. The value of the German mark sank so low that it took three million marks to exchange for one dollar. This collapse of the mark meant the collapse of the middle class. With the coming of the depression of 1929 German national income fell almost 50% within three years and unemployment rose to six million. The result: almost all classes of German society lost faith in the economic system. Taxes on agriculture had doubled from 1913 to 1932 and in the latter year a rapid decline in the price of meat, dairy and poultry products hit the small producer. The big Prussian landlords, the Junkers, saw thousands of their estates become sub-marginal when world prices of agricultural products fell. Thus both peasant and Junker became hostile to the German economic system. Only the industrialists retained any confidence in the system and a small group of them, fearful of revolution, were willing to give Hitler financial support, hoping to use him as a tool. One of these was Fritz Thyssen, head of a big German steel trust. The inflation of 1923 knocked down the king-pin of middle-class values—the idea of security. The loss of investments convinced small businessmen that it was futile to save, while the salaries of government employees were rising less slowly than prices and members of the lower class provided increasing competition. As a result, the lower middle-class concluded that its social status was threatened, for it feared that it would soon be indistinguishable from the proletariat. Students, flocking to the universities in large numbers, could not find employment after graduation. This over-crowding was made worse by the depression of 1929. All this economic discontent gave Hitler his chance to come to power.

The German people had likewise lost faith in the political system. The German Government was the object of persistent criticism by a large section of the population. The Social Democrats were blamed for the economic reversals, the inflation of 1923, the decline in business and the increasing unemployment after 1929. They were blamed also for the "inequities" of the Treaty of Versailles, which was always a target of Hitler.

But while discontent is the foundation on which Hitler built, it is



insufficient to explain his rise to power. Both German nationalists and Communists had the same opportunity as Hitler to capitalize on the economic distress, but both failed to provide a program that would afford the disillusioned a feeling of security for the future. The Nazi program, however, promised all things to all men. Hitler bid for the support of the industrialists by promises that the economic system would not be disturbed, for the support of the Junkers by an accent on nationalism and a re-assurance that agriculture was the surest foundation for the state. His attacks on Communism drew the support of the ruling classes. He assured the middle class that the evil features of the capitalist system would be eliminated. He appealed to the small businessmen by a program of nationalization of trusts, profit-sharing in big business, and low-cost rentals. To all the unemployed he promised jobs. To the proletariat he promised destruction of international capitalism and abolition of unearned income. Thus the National Socialist leader synthesized two contradictory ideas, nationalism and socialism, and gave his movement the broadest possible basis of appeal to the German public.

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, Hitler supplied a great need, the need for a charismatic leader. At a time when the Weimar Republic was losing its claim of allegiance and old social virtues were being destroyed, the easiest solution for disturbed Germans was to identify themselves with a leader whom they thought they could trust. Hitler in his own life mirrored the frustrations of the German people themselves and they trusted him. One Nazi, describing how he came to join the

The Search

I search and I search, but I cannot find,
I grope and I grope, but I cannot feel.
For me, there's no balm, no peace of mind,
I stretch and shrink to reach changing ideals.
What is this force that is driving me?
What is it I am searching for?
Success, truth, an answer to a plea,
Possession of sweet love, a beckoning door?
Shall the fog ever lift; shall the search ever end?
Shall I ever be content not to search anew?
For the world's not a straight road, but ever bends,
And each new turn promises a lovelier view.

So I'll search and I'll find, I'll grope and I'll feel,
But at each new road, I'll find a new ordeal.
I'll climb to the crest and fall to the deep
Till the voice of the Creator bids me sleep.

Louise Agurkis.

SONG FOR EVENTIDE

I creep into my rocking chair
as night time falls upon us
and, looking out that window there,
I touch the corners of my hair
and wonder if the people stare
at whitening strands throughout my hair.
I feel as if my past were bare
as night time falls upon us.

The Firehouse Five, with drum and fife,
come tooting 'round the corner.
They tell the story of my life:
conquests, cowardice, peace, and strife.
They tell of how I left my wife
as night time fell upon her.

So they dedicate a number to my long-forgotten Love,
and I think on my profession, and what it robbed me of . . .
They dedicate a number to my Lover in the night,
and I wonder what she's doing, and if she's been all right.
I weep a bitter tear, and I sing a lonely song,
but the garbage man will rob me of my memories ere long
with his clanking and his banging in the evening's fading light.

I wander through my dusty room
as night time falls upon me
and listen to the lusty boom
of the big bass drum like the voice of doom
that pounds and echoes through my room
like a demon come to warn me.
I know the people in the street
are all aware of my disgrace,
and awkwardly I shift my feet
and force a smile to light my face.
My greying head sinks on my breast.
I place a blade against my chest
and sing above the glittering knife
one wistful song for my lost wife
as the night time falls upon me.

—Rod Barry.

party, said, "I do not know how to describe the emotions that swept over me as I heard this man. His words were like a scourge. When he spoke of the disgrace of Germany, I felt ready to spring on my enemy. I forgot everything except the man. Then glancing around, I saw that his magnetism

was holding these thousands as one." This magnetism in Hitler's dynamic personality and the fulfillment of German longings that he embodied fitted well into the pattern of the Prussian love of a "strong father."

Thus the postwar economic dis-
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symposium

Modern Education and the Reaction

Since the beginning of the second World War, public schools in America have been going through a transition. The change, essentially, has been from the non-functional subject-matter of the traditional-classic school to the functional subject-matter of the modern-experimental school. Rote and memory learning of facts, which was the end in itself for the traditionalist, gave way and is giving way to the new concept and practice of subject-matter having a purpose and meaning to the student to make it functional and useful to him. Subject-matter becomes the mean to an end, as it is in society.

This progression from the non-functional to functional, in terms of subject-matter, was a slow one because of the reluctance of many teachers to accept the new philosophy. This reluctance slowed the transitional process (but not the progress) and made it possible to analyze and evaluate the new philosophy and at the same time avoid extremes.

Modern methods of teaching today are given concurrent confirmation by most professional educators—those teachers and administrators who have actually implemented these methods. The new concepts of education, such as standardized testing, personality guidance, unit and group work, common learnings, and so forth, have proven themselves over and again as useful methods in training children for democratic-social living. Of course, the problems of education—training children to use subject-matter to solve life problems and tasks, and training them to think critically and objectively about social problems and issues—have not been solved, although progress toward their solution has been great. Even with this progress a new bulwark faces those experienced and inexperienced educationalists who would like to continue the transition and drive forward with a dynamic educational program: the reaction.

The reaction, in education, was epitomized by Albert Lynd in his book *Quackery in Public Schools*, when he took words and phrases out of context of professional publications to make them appear silly and unintelligent. He proposed some changes in traditional education, however, but he wanted the emphasis kept on liberal art training. After Lynd came the less erudite mass media, especially the magazines, to join the bandwagon. 'Specialists' have been employed to describe the 'pinkishness' of method and teachers, along with the 'irresoluteness' of the new techniques used in the modern school. Currently, two national magazines, *Life* and *Collier's*, are publishing reports on American public schools. And for our purpose an example

of the educational reaction shall be the Collier's article called "The Struggle for our Children's Minds" by Howard Whitman (February 5 issue).

Throughout the article it is evident that the author relies heavily on subjective hearsay and not objective documentation of facts. The view points he relies upon are usually those in opposition to new concepts. The most disturbing element in the article, however, is not the distortion of fact but that it portrays teachers and administrators as numbskulls, dictators, unintelligent and uncultured individuals and the rest. It tells stories of someone (supposedly a teacher) telephoning a parent protestor and calling him names and by this type anecdote generalizes the character of teachers. In short, the author, by innuendo, paints the teacher to look like either a plotter or some sort of a fool.

Most teachers I have met, especially while practice teaching, seemed alert-witted, calm, and prepared to defend their philosophy against any attack by unqualified people. I cannot remember anyone carrying a bomb to throw at some parent, or that they made anonymous phone calls to people they opposed. The layman constantly forgets that teachers are still members of the human race and that this fact makes their profession susceptible to crackpots. The technique of innuendo, however, has proved profitable for some politicians as a 'gimmick' in their rise to fame, and seem to be the methods that will be employed by anti-professionalists.

Speaking specifically of Whitman's article let us consider first the Brookline handwriting controversy. The problem, as you know, was whether the Brookline pupils should be taught cursive (connected letters) or manuscript (printed letters) type handwriting. In Newton, Brookline's educational rival, the public schools teach manuscript in the first three grades and then teach the children to connect the printed letters, making a semi-cursive style. In Newton, to avert the acidity and rancor that was

I Had To Do It

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but that is the excuse of common murderers and thieves. Even for self-justification, I won't descend to their level.

I can't say I did it on a sudden impulse, or in a fit of insanity, I had known weeks ahead that I had to do it. There had seemed no way out then, and even now, I still maintain there was no alternative. If forced to relive those hours, I'd do the same thing again.

While my conscience is not bothering me, since I feel it was something that had to be done, my mind is tormenting me by conjuring up visions of the hideous sight I left behind me. Whenever I try to rest or sleep, the lurid picture insinuates itself into my thoughts. It always follows the same pattern. The horror of it is insidious and inescapable. First I see the shining, pointed scissors, and then the blood, seemingly flowing in a never-ending, never-fading, bright red stream. Stream? Ocean would be a better simile.

There was more blood than I'd ever seen before—more blood than anyone should ever see. And the horrible stench that it emitted could never be described or forgotten. It comes back with the vision every time, and I think it is this which is hardest to bear. In fact, I seem to inhale the vile smell of blood constantly, now, even when I'm not in a torpid state.

I share the fate of the hapless lady Macbeth. My hands can never be washed clean of blood. Why does everybody stare at me as if they see it the way I do? Do they know what I've done? They couldn't! But maybe they sense the omnipresence of death that emanates from me and permeates everything I touch and everywhere I go. I want to escape from myself, but eluding this implacable enemy of my mind is impossible.

Others have done what I did, and they don't appear to be as disturbed as I. Maybe I'm senselessly aggrandizing it in my mind. But, maybe it will gradually gnaw away at my brain until I lose all sense of reason and proportion. Maybe I'm going mad! If only I could tell someone! Anyone!

Isn't anyone interested in what we did in biology "lab" last Thursday?

developing in Brookline, the director of handwriting (who was my regular classroom teacher while practice teaching) prepared some documented facts as to the merits of cursive and manuscript handwriting, of which the following are the most important: 1. manuscript is more legible, easier, and faster,

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A Turning Point

By Doug Weeks

Perhaps art is like fashion after all. The sudden turn is now away from the abstract and towards the more romantic. One reason for a change is the general feeling that the abstract has been considerably exhausted. The other main reason for the turn is centered around the confession of that great sourcerer Pablo Picasso who blithely stated that the contorted art which has comprised his abstract work during the past thirty years has been the product of his cunning manner in playing up to art critic, museum expert, and connoisseur alike.

The reason why Picasso can afford to be so brassy about the whole affair is that he is well established in the art field, is fabulously rich from his peregrinations from painting studio to the sculpture shop and pottery center (yes, he is famous in each of these fields). Also, the Spaniard is now in his last years, for I am sure that even with his sorcery he will not live to be 100 years old. Finally, if we were so brainless that we were unable to think and judge for ourselves, why shouldn't he crow over the victory of his super-salesmanship?

My fear is that in looking back to us, our descendants will say, "Who **wasn't** frustrated, a maniac, a crook, or mentally unbalanced?" so great is the number of weird (yes, decidedly weird), jumbled, incoherent paintings which have been loudly applauded for their 'restraint,' 'delicate handling of an intangible,' and 'strength of heavy wandering lines.'

Art of today may be divided in several ways: some consists merely of blobs (which may be 'judged' fine work because of the **power of mass** — what is that I ask?); or the work may consist of fine lines very neatly done with striking similarity to doodling (praised for its 'calligraphic representation' — the illusion surely reflects our poor penmanship!); other canvases use the geometric angles which sometimes create a favorable effect, but which are rendered more or less worthless by the great flock of artists working in this manner; finally there are those who delight in 'pictures' which are very often well balanced, colored, and well executed technically—but which are designs and not pictures. The oddity of the whole nebulous art world is that these inconsequential meanderings are deemed 'profound, mysterious, expressive,' and yet as a consolation of this whole confused situation is that the great masters have not lost their place, price, or essential value to those who wish

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Time of Decision

by Jack Warner

When the termination of the second semester, in June, becomes a reality, many sophomores will be asking themselves, "where do I go from here?" At any rate, every sophomore should have decided as to whether he really WANTS to be an educator or not. To those who are still undecided we refer you to Mr. Riordan's motto: "You've got to love kids." This, to this writer's mind, is the core of the matter.

The question of which field to major in is an ever perplexing problem and it demands much more than simply casual thoughts. As of the moment, it is comparatively easier to obtain a position in the elementary schools than in secondary ones. With that thought in mind, many of us are rushing to obtain a position in the elementary schools and avoiding the secondary field like the bubonic plague. In truth, one would think that the masses in grammar schools never graduate to the upper grades! Statistics show us that more and more children are being enrolled in the elementary grades; surely not every child forsakes the pursuit of education after he receives his diploma for successfully completing the prescribed course of study in those first eight years of school! Oh well, enough of the Great Debate, for now we'll leave it in the hands of those who are better briefed in the facts and principles of education.

Without a doubt our next topic could well prove boring to some while perhaps causing embarrassment to others, yet we must talk of it. There seems to be a great deal of speculation regarding our poor attendance and the almost constant tardiness of certain individuals in our ranks. I'm sure everyone understands and sympathizes with the problems of those students who live in Timbuktu and other hinterland regions—and with those that have domestic obligations—but to that group of self-appointed aristocrats who grace us with their presence once or twice a week and who probably send their assignments in by Western Union we direct our remarks below. Allow us to elevate you from your position of 'divine right' rulers to enlightened despots.

There are two words in this institution that directly affect your future, two words that almost determine whether you will find a teaching position or not. Your every move, action, attitude are recorded on individual records under the heading: Professional Fitness. Common logic will tell you that if you don't bother to show up for classes or if you are con-

tinuously late then your chances of being hired are slimmer than someone who has not erred in that respect. In any event, it is up to you; the records can only show facts and you are the one who puts those facts there. Think about it seriously for each day that passes brings you closer to the time of decision.

One Sec's Opinion

The senior sec's are sure havin' a tough time. Talk about the Senior Prom and the girls tellin' us you've gotta wear a tux—oh well. We have to humor the girls. It's alright for them to wear wooly sox up to their knees, argyles of black, white, gray, and fuchsia, with suede sneakers; men's shirts with flowers for ties; we can't say a thing. You mention to them that the latest thing is a dark tuxedo plaid and they scream at you "PLAID, akh!" "What color dress could I wear?" And you meekly say, "Well I just thought—" "Thought! Look, sonny, you just quit thinkin', shell out the dough, and I'll pick out your tux—plaid, whew, what a thinker." This last is flung at you very contemptuously, very sarcastically. Your masculinity is put in its 'proper' place. With head sunk deep between the shoulders, stooped, and bowed, you walk away: defeated.

Someday our chance will come, tho. Perhaps we should all show up at the prom with Lees or chino pants; and with this, just for spite, a nice subtle tuxedo plaid jacket, over an immaculate T-shirt (and bucks, of course). Wouldn't they be mortified when we walked into all their frill with this rakish attire? We'd saunter in, swinging a key-chain (a small dagger on the end of it), nonchalant, devil-may-care attitude. Ah, I can see it now. On first sight the dainty hand covers the ruby 'O' lips, and with a nervous twitter the girls would start to ask what happened but our cold unattachment would stop them dead. We start dancing robot-like, mechanically, but as the pace warms we whirl and whirl showing them what **don juans** we really are. Then at the stroke of twelve, with a courtly flourish, we'd escort them to our respective 'crates'. A quick ride and they'd be home. We'd walk them to the door say our good nights and wouldn't even ask for one tiny little cup of coffee before we leave (Coffee!). The end of a perfect evening. The male preogative again restored. The senior sec's senior again. And when I say senior I mean senior. And when I say sec's I mean sec's.

TEA MAY 1

Splinters . . .

Squeaky shoes in a quiet library . . . little women who wear huge flowered hats . . . car clocks that never tell the right time . . . the smug look of a policeman in earmuffs . . . ink pens which deliqudize at the wrong moment . . . unrelated things that pop up when you are doing a term paper . . . freshly cut lawns and crew cuts resemble each other in a strange manner . . . the conspicuous look of new white bucks on a rainy day . . . those absent-minded souls who read the wrong side of the bus schedule . . . the new trend of pastel shirts which started with blush pink . . . T. V. sets which go blank at the crucial moment of a mystery . . . Monday mornings which stare you coldly in the face like unfinished homework . . . the silly look of a man with a plaid umbrella . . . the mucilage on postage stamps which should be flavored like life-savers . . . wonder if polka-dot convertibles will ever make an appearance? . . . the dire effect of Spring fever which is right around the corner and leaves no one immune in its deadly attack on students.

Turning Point

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to study the fundamentals of art. The art of these artists is of **their** time, not ours, we cannot hope to imitate their work and produce great art masterpieces. No, we must pioneer for ourselves a new, and equally expressive medium of art which may very well include plastics or any of the modern advances rendered by science.

One very common question today is, 'What type of painting best expresses our national feeling?' My suggestion is, that art which has a touch of mysticism and which shows distinct romanticism, in terms of today's world, would receive a great welcome. The US is claimed to be the greatest nation today. I do not dispute this, but if it is so, why are we Americans so afraid of our role? Do we not feel that somehow the US will solve her national and international problems even if the method is not yet apparent? Do we not feel that we ourselves are achieving success now, even if we are not completely certain of the future? Mystic romanticism has both of these elements of certainty and question. The case calls for art which is both easily recognizable and technically excellent—with a touch of the unknown expressed in the subject matter.

The art of tomorrow is our challenge—what will we do?

JUNIOR CLASS

The junior secondaries are now prepared to make a statement they never thought they would make: "We miss the elementaries."! There has been and always will be playful rivalry between secondaries and elementaries, but it really is good to see the rest of our class back on Fridays and listen to their stories about the pains and pleasures of a practice teacher. Meanwhile, the secondaries are adding new words to their everyday vocabulary — motivation, individual differences, and the "whole" child.

The long-awaited ring representatives came at last. Their visit was profitable in two ways: The first, and obvious, reason is that we had a chance to order our much-desired class rings, and secondly, one of the representatives had been to Venezuela and gave some not too encouraging information to several of the junior secondary girls who are contemplating teaching there. But are they discouraged? No! Perhaps, they won't go to Venezuela, but there's always Europe!

The class seems to be working in great harmony this year as was evidenced by the success of the junior prom. The decorations, especially, displayed the hard work that went into their making. Although the junior's extra dance, "Riches to Rags," for which Eleanor Mannico and Paul O'Day worried and planned, was not as well supported, those who did go had a gay time. So what if the floor was slippery; they just pretended they were on skates. So what if the band took too many intermissions; they formed their own band. All in all, it was a lot of fun, and those on the clean-up committee, the most detested of all committees, had the best time. Ah, yes, it was a very unusual dance.

There is still that ever-returning problem of class dues. This is a ba-ad time of the year for money. Students have just finished paying for their tuition and books, and many of them, who stopped working after Christmas time, have not as yet found new employment. So who suffers? Paul Sullivan, treasurer, of course. But use whatever patience you have left, Paul, and the dues will all be in by class day.

Thus stands the junior class —professionally fit (we hope), poverty-stricken, but still laughing.

GEOGRAPHIES FROM
1910 TO PRESENT DATE

ODD BOOK STORE

73 Madison Street

Melodic Theme

Ann Matthews

Nature education is always an experience in living. Nature, however, has not always been allied with all other fields in education. Poets and philosophers have for centuries found in nature a creative subject. Now, as has been the trend for centuries, humanitarians in science and education, groping in the dark for an answer to the chaotic trends of modern civilization, have grasped nature and found a melodic theme. It is a theme which beats with the needs of men throughout history.

Who are the outstanding men who have grasped this theme? I have chosen two such men, one of world fame, and the other from our community. Dr. Alexis Carrel, an American physician, believes people should maintain harmony with nature. "We must liberate ourselves from the blind technology and grasp the complexity and the wealth of our own nature." Richard C. Potter, Director of the Worcester Museum of Natural History, is a great leader in the field of nature education. He has reported to the United Nations about the work being done in this community's museums and camps in this field. "We are beginning to realize that what nature proposed in the advance of civilization, is not necessarily the progress of science and machines, but the progress of man himself in the understanding of the elements of the environment." Both these men strongly believe the progress of the world lies in this area of man and his relation to his environment.

Nature experience is also "an antidote for a world beset by pressure it has never before known." Businessmen and housewives alike find moments of peace in observation of birds.

At this point you are no doubt wondering exactly what nature education is. A nature prayer expresses this in beautiful, simple language.

Oh Thou, who art creator:
Of the earth and all therein;
The flowers, trees and birds;
Their colors, fruits and songs,
Teach us to know, to love, and to save.

These things from God's free hand.

The above nature prayer is repeated many a summer morning at the Nature Training School in Paxton. In the natural woods surrounding a beautiful lake, many children are given each summer: an appreciation and consciousness of beauty; a power of observation which recognizes a bird or animal, fern, rock, in its natural area; a vocabulary includ-

ing such words as conservation, balance of nature, and so forth; a general orientation in adjustment to his fellow students and his natural environment. All these make for happy well-adjusted children with a love and understanding of nature and a closeness to God, and the work of conserving His natural resources.

Tomolonius Says:

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this won't alarm the Kenton fans, however; he has disbanded more than once before. Speaking of Kenton, his jazz festival at the auditorium sent quite a few people home somewhat disappointed in that Charlie Parker and Lee Konitz appeared to be in a hurry to get through their solos. Both received indifferent applause and save for a few unfavorable ejaculations on the part of the audience, the auditorium was distressingly quiet until Dizzy came on. We overheard, too, that June Christy just doesn't sing like she used to.

We're obliged to reprimand Theresa Brewer for the type of songs she is currently making popular. We strongly disapprove of things like "Ricochet" and even more, "Bell-bottom Blues," and are sure she is capable of better things. It's too bad when vocalists take advantage of the poor taste of the public and cheapen themselves for the sake of making money. Maybe we're being narrow-minded in this regard but once a singer like Helen O'Connell goes so low as to make an idiotic, no-count, dittie like "Slowpoke," she loses all our sympathy.

Bing Crosby has enjoyed many profitable years to the point where he is now an American institution; he has experienced a career which no entertainer will ever equal: In reference to Crosby no words of praise could be overstated, and no one would ever dare dispute his greatness IN HIS DAY. No one can live forever, and by the same token, no career can go on forever. We sincerely believe, with all due respect to the beloved and aging crooner, that Bing's career has been over, vocally speaking, for quite some time. We feel that he has proven this quite conclusively with the records he has made in the recent past and wish that he would stop now and pursue his acting career.

So with this we leave you until next month.

Dr. Jones

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content gave Hitler his chance. The insecurity felt by all social classes led to loss of faith in both the economic and political systems. Hitler capitalized on this widespread disillusionment and by his dynamic qualities as a leader succeeded where both German Nationalists and Communists failed.

symposium

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than cursive; 2. manuscript is an important aid in the teaching of reading. The implication in the article was that a majority of parents disliked manuscript and had forced the schools to adopt the old method. In my talks with a few Brookline parents I found that only four or five parents actually complained of manuscript, while the majority were undecided or willing to 'go along.' What was the result of the controversy? The superintendent of schools in Brookline recently issued the decision to continue teaching manuscript in the public schools.

It is not the controversy between parents and educators that is the awesome thing here, but the blatancy emphasized in articles such as *Collier's*. The implication that teachers are trying to 'put one over' on parents. Actually, the parent has much more influence on today's schools as a member of the student - teacher - parent triangle, than he ever had in the 'good old days.'

To those who have read the *Collier's* article and other similar work, it should be evident that the controversy between modern and traditional methods of education has almost been taken from the hands of those people sincerely interested in improving schools and placed in those hands which are going to use the problem for their own ends. By making pedagogical issues, issues of communism, 'leftism', or what, the politician and sales-conscious publisher are seemingly trying to capitalize on the general heresy hunting in our country today. Actually, there is no 'battle for children's minds', as *Collier's* suggests, and there are extremely few 'leftists', communists, or fascists, squabbling to confuse and indoctrinate our children's minds. The overwhelming majority of teachers are loyal but they also want to retain the American right to think for themselves.

This is the crux of the real problem: thinking. All over America there is a growing feeling of anti-intellectualism. Somehow, intellectualism has become aligned with communism, and those people who think, criticize, and act as individuals are tabbed 'pinkish' and subdued, if possible. The individual thinker, or intellectual, who has always had to struggle for recognition in the United States, is finding it more and more difficult to be honest when approaching the public through the foreign service, civil service, education, and the like, because of the growing atmosphere of distrust with original and sometimes unconfirming ideas for the solution of problems. Unconformity, in fact, is fast becoming blasphemed against the 'dogma of

Americanism' established by some of our more zealous patriots. Finally, in modern education we see teachers trying to guide pupils to think for themselves, and to study controversial subjects objectively. This, to some, is the same 'pinkish' intellectualism found in other parts of our society. They say we should inculcate pupils minds with dogma. Is this America?

America has always stood for freedom of thought. So much did we hold this doctrine true that Karl Marx could find no other country in the world to publish his *Manifesto* except the country which later proved his main ideas wrong—the United States. In no other country has the basic right and integrity of the individual to speak his mind been so strongly protected, and yet, some people now tell us that, to be safe, we must all think and believe alike.

It is up to the educator—you and I—to see that America's traditional freedom from fear shall continue as the pervasive philosophy. Much more is involved than the struggle for progressing schools; it involves all thinking American's.

Educationalists, book publishers, library associations, civil liberty organizations, are all joining the defense to keep America free from the fear of restricted rights because freedom IS America and by defending one we protect both.

Clinton Boutwell.

Secondary Import.

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with a mystery and beauty of their own. The giant (48"x40"), as he calls it, with its translucent quality stands in the middle of smaller works. To the left of 'Soliloquy' are the 'King and I' in etched wax crayon. At first glance they are somewhat similar to the king and queen found on playing cards but on closer inspection we see the delicacy of finely chiseled line that gives the wax crayon its third dimensional quality. In another spot we find two other etched works, and in the opinion of the writer the best of all those hung, the "Persian Archers" and the 'Assyrian Medallion. The 'Archers' were taken from a classical theme and if art could be judged by its intricacy then they would surely be tops. Two strong, bearded, men, done in fine array of Persia, stand with their bows staring at some enemy, fierce, deadly. Superb texture worked out by layer over layer of wax crayon and meticulously cut or etched. Each little curl of the beard emphasized, each line of the browned faces. Warm colors were used almost exclusively, blended into a rich harmony of pattern and character.

The Senior Secondaries should be proud of Doug. Through his works STC and our class gains prestige and honor.